STUDIES IN THE GIGANTIC Art Shop where the Ugly and the Impos-

are Done in Oll for Circuses, A short flight of steps in an old-fashioned designed in Houston street leads to a large, arr room extending from one end of the buildsir room extends to the build-ist to the other, with big glass windows front and rear. Outside hangs a modest sign setting forth in delicate script the fact that painting is font within by two brothers. What kind of paining no one could infer from the sign.
Entering the room, a Sun reporter confronted

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Entring the room, a SUN reporter confronted a steelch of white muslin, twenty-two feet one was and nineteen feet the other, resting on a frame against the west wall. There was a safeld about ten feet from the floor, on which here a box and a man. The how was a trivial. seffoid about ten feet from the floor, on which were a boy and a man. The boy was whistling shilly, and laying on sea-groen paint with a farter and freedom that made the whole framework quiver, while his companion, undisturbed by the commution, sat calmly painting a life-in deighin with yellow gills and a lonesome, mesberone expression only equalled by the glama countenance of the painter.

Beneath and working on the same cloth were seather painters. One, smoking a short call.

Beneath and working on the same cloth were twother painters. One, smoking a short cob-sipe was painting in a sea lieu with extremo applity and precision, while the other, with a red three feet long, in the end of which was a sick of charcol, stood off at a distance and steeled the outlines of a beautiful young person spinrently human from her waist up, and approximately fish from her waist down. This going person, entirely innocent of clothing, sastrinking champagne from a small table, on the other side of which was a composite being of the other sex, smoking a cigar and gining at her tenderly. The sea ilons and delphins swam complacently about them, and the sea, as laid on thickly by the whistling boy, washed high above their heads.

The figures were the man-fish and the wo-

man-fish engaged in the reprehensible act of drinking and smoking under water, and the painting is to grace the western door of a seaide aquarium, where the artists thus idealized are to amuse the public in the summer by remaining underwater for three minutes at a time.

The painter with the charcoal pencil was round and jolly, with wavy hair and a blond moustache. He was one of the brothers ansounced on the sign, and the general artistic director of the establishment. The other director of the establishment. The other broker sat on a three-legged stool in another part of the room. He also is round and jolly, and has another blond moustache. He gaints a little, and is business manager. Testerday he was engaged in depicting the varies expressions of a facial artist on a cantas large as a campaign bannar. In the middle was the face in its normal condition, with the hair rolled back from the forehead and a secrally severe and virtuous expression, while grouped around it were pictures of the same less contorted so as to caricature a country parses, a Dutchman, a schoolboy, an Irishman and a temperance lecturer. The faces were full of life and color, and the whole thing was exgessely taking.

and a temperance lecturer. The faces were full of life and color, and the whole thing was exgensive taking.

Only one other man was in the room. He was wer long in face and figure, and chuckled and haghed as he hung over a muslin sheet nearly started as the side of a railroad car, with maulsike and brush, and painted rapidly.

Murder! said he. "Talk about Ruskin's gades in amber and brown! Look at this."

A monstrous brown "What Is It?" stood out on the oloh, with its legs and arms at highly impracticable angles with its body, balancing on labed a negro boy just turning white in spots. The boy was a study in amber and white; the other was dead brown. The long painter twisted his legs under the board on which he was said with whimsical delight as he prepared to work up the face of the What Is It? It took him only a few minutes to contrive a face of so assounding oddity that a shout went up from he rest of the men.

There!' said he. "That's a success. Now Il consume my lunch."

Standing around were several immense pictures—one of a giant lamb made larger than a slephant, another of a fat woman whose size dees fleures of speech, and a third of an indescribably muddled man who was born without this and with his legs in the most ridiculous positions, while his head grew out of his back in a manner altogether without precedent. Between the windows was a vividly painted sign, as which appeared a number of ladies and contenue and contenue and pattered faces, while beneath were the words. Black-med Eyes Beautified." There was a strong smell of oil, and paint pots encumbered the floor. "Big thing, isn't it?" said the Director-in-chief of the artistic corps, backing away from the picture of the submarine reveilers. Lay has green in heavy. Charite. What you see here to the reporter is only half of what the completed painting will be. It will be nearly as larges the front of a four-story house."

How long does it take you to make a-one—that size."

When I have all the men at work we can rest one the completed painting will

large as the front of a four-story house."

"How long does it take you to make a one—that size?"

"When I have all the men at work we can reshone through in two days and a half."

"And the price?"

Well, that varies. In this case we get \$140, but this varies. In this case we get \$140, but this verifically is a fine piece of work. Ordinary sixes, ten or fifteen feet square, bring from \$50 to \$75. It takes a good deal of money to start a ten-cent show. Showmen are first-rate pay, though, and we never have any trouble with them. They are good, energetic business men, too, and are satisfied when they get the worth of their money."

"Dot do a large business?"

We do all of it. We are the only firm in the business. It has grown very rapidly, and is good all the year round. About January the circus work begins and lasts until May. After that comes all the work for the shows at the saside resorts, then summer work for travelling shows, and in the fall we have the museums and fairs.

"It's a queer thing, but we're had customers

l'is a queer thing, but we've had customers in fleen years whom we've never seen, and we make lots of our pictures without seeing either the curiosities or their photographs. Showmen are always in a hurry. Here's a letter from Barnum. Rather laconic, isn't it? "Send of three more twenty two-foot paintings. One of Market and Indian with spear, shield, heimet, and testification of tat woman-make her very lat-burd of a word of the shield of the shield of the burn and shield of the shield of the shield of the burn any substance. Yours, &c.

sant sant a hig foldan with spear, shield, heimet, and issilers, sucher of tat woman—make her very latted of shadow man—he's a living skeleton; don't give him any substance. Yours, &c.

"Now, I had to rush them right through, because the show went West in three days, so I sat down and drew the three figures on a sheet with squares lined off for an inch to the foot. As soon as I'd fluished one my men ran her off, and so we got them over in time.

"No made a painting of Chang that really saisfad him. It is actually thirty feet high. We made a painting of Chang that really saisfad him. It is actually thirty feet high. We has saw it he grave a grunt of satisfaction, and said. Ughlit is true." We had the people standing beside Chang only a trifle higher than the tops of his shoes. Living curiosities are mighty vata. You'd be surprised if you knew how much money they make. Many a one gets 415 a week. A funny thing about them is that they constantly improve in their several excellences. Now, here are a couple of photographs, taken eleven years are, of the fat boy and girl who were at Coney Island last year. You see they were fat, but look at their photographs, had see this living skeleton as he was in '67 and as he is now. An enormous difference, I've often wondered if the constant tendency of the mind did not have a corresponding effect on the body. Last year we made a painting of the body. Last year we made a painting of the high year of the properties as any in the world. We have a valuable litrary of books of natural history and types of men. If we paint Sandwich Islanders we look them up in the library, give them the correct leatures, and surround them with appropriate foliage and accompanying scenes. I guess we have as large a collection of the pictures of living constities as any in the world. We have verything that has ever been photographed, from the one-pound baby to the Russian lady who committed suicide because she could not garlid of her beard. Here's a picture of the Innike who tatoond himself with Ameri

Searching for a Silver Mountain. From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

From the St. Louis Gibbe Immergat.

BAN FRANCIACO, Cal. May 3.—A schooner salie to minten from this sport in search of the silver mounth in the lasses. The Chemide several months ago unbeined a slory of the discovery of a silver mountain of the salver of the silver were gained to the control of the salver mountain of the salver of the silver were gained by four as an ingenious fiction, but the facts were gained four as an ingenious fiction, but the facts were gained were silver to the salver who is to command the expedition and are corroborated by the first make, Hyan, who were the salver of the salver of the salver were salver to the salver of the sal

FAIR FISIONS OF POETS.

The Lime Biln Glee Club Chorus From the Detroit Free Press.
Yes, we am passin' down de lane,
An' haktin' toy de way,
Jist long 'unit to rest our limbs
An' 'tur de chit'en pray!
Las' souday prescher Gordon said:
'De march will soon be o'er,
An' all de ole fulks sarely cross
Upon dat sham' shore."

Chorne—But ohl fulks am joily folks.
An' while we wait to go
Let's gin de fiddle lots o work
And rush de ole banjo. Dar' Uncle Dan'l, he am isme,
An' Perer White am baile,
An' Dinah Rock an' ose Aont Chio'
Am Manah Rock an' ose Aont Chio'
Am waitin' to be called;
An' Truskee Puilback says to me;
"De summons soon mus' come
For you an' me an' us ole jolks
To tote our baggage home."

Dar's Pickles Smith and Daddy Toots
A-nearin' of dar end,
An' Deacon Species and his wife
Am crushin' round de bend;
Ay' us ole look am hangin' on,
An' kinder wanth' round,
To let de chilen grow a fut
Fo'we go under ground.

Charas-But old folks am lolls folks,
An' while we wuit to do
Let's ain de hidde nich' work
And roun de die meda.

If It Were True.

Proof. Halderic's Monthly. If it were really true that you are higher.
You whom my said has always lovel the bestCould you not come to me one more, lorgiving,
And lay your head again upon my breast? If I had known how sadly I should trieve you— It I tool only known it was the last— There's nothing in the world had made me been you; And now, dear heart, the tender dream is post.

Can you not see how I have missed you, dearest; How I regret I ever cave you pain; How even then I held you first and hearest? O lave, if you could only come again? I would be kinder to you; I was freful; Late had so much that was no hard to bear; I ded not understand how—self-forcettil— Your love had lightened every pain or care.

We grow too sure of those who never give us A single anxious thought—they are our own: I did not dream that death would dare to rob me, Until I found my priceless treasure gone. And now, beside your grave I watch the sunset, As we so out have watched the clumping axies; I wonder if this tender numbe violet Has drawn its dreamy beauty from your eyes. This golden rod is like your flowing tresses, This hiy like your innocent pure breast,
This wild rose, blushing to the wind's caresses,
May owe its bloom to lips my own have pressed

I hate these vampire flewers that grow above you; I cannot bear to think that you are there; I feel that you are passing—while I love you— To object forms of life, however fair.

Tet, were it really true that you are living— Your own pure life no sucking change has known Would you not come, sweet consolation giving. For grief and doubt that have so bitter grown? You must see clearly from the height where serrow And pain and death have littled your white soul: Can you not give some promise of the morrow, If you have loand this lifets not the whole? Can you not come to me, and stoop and kins me.
Say you forgive the thoughtless words I said
(They hant me now) and that you love and miss
Aid, O my darling! that you are not dead?

ABST KINNE Consolation for Parted Lovers.

Prom the Compressionalist.
Through the long day we waited alone together.
Under the sunny, perfect August sky,
Silent or talking as its encod commanded,
And well content to let all memory die.

Behind was sorrow and before a warning-Near as you are, to day comes separation.
You walk alone from hence orth, and your need!

You walk alone from hence orth, and your need"

"Strong as it is, and eager for fulliment.
Binding you both within its iron chain,
Must wait a future far beyond all vision.
And know that here its strongest link is pain."

Over the river in the gathering twilight,
Sunshine above but heavy clouds below.

We passed to where sie parking moment waited,
And know the hour had come and one must go.

Only a word, a look—and then a turning
To the long path that each must walk alone,
And the fair river wideling between is,
Seemed but a golf filled with an answoring mean.

Yet, dearest Heart, remembering all the sweetness, Filling long days that you and I have known. And sare that toys is strong and faith unfaitering, How can I say that we must walk alone!

Over as both one summer sunshine quivers, And in the darkest day that earth can own, Love, pure and fadeless, shines behind the cartain, And God will never let us walk alone. HELSE CAMPRIL

From the Boston Transcript.

A terrible row
Is started just now.
Which show William Shakespeare quite lame is,
In trying to show
That nothing at all in a name is.

The trouble is this:
An estiletic miss
(She is reckned somewhere in the thirties),
Who has been there, his guessed.
Does loudly protest
That the name of the place Mount Desert is.

"Not so," says a chap,
Gazing down on the map,
His feelings are badly, he says, hurt,
And ontraged his sais,
Except when he hours.
The proper pronouncing, Mount Desert. "You're wrong," says a third,
"Yes, both, on my word;
The name from the French, I declare is,
And therefore," says he,
"The as plain as can be,
The correct way to speak it Dazair is."

"Och, whist now," says Pat,
"Phut wud yez be at!
IVs mess!", shyre, I think, that worst is hurt;
Ne cousin's been there,
Aud, faith, I can shwear,
She towid me the name was Mount Dissort."

The Highway Cow.

From the Countryside.

The hus of her hide was dusky brown,
Her body was lean and her neck was silm.
One horn turned up and the other turned down,
She was keen of vision and long of him;
With a Roman nose and a silort stump tail.
And ribs like the hoops on a home inside pail.

Many a mark did her body bear; She had been a target for all things known; On many a sear the dusky hair Would grow no more where it once had grown; Many a passibilate, parting shot. Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone, Many a brickbat of goodly size. And many a cutted swittly thrown, Heat brought the tears to ther leving eyes; Or had bonnied off from her bony back. With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound For helping herself to be; neighbor's corn; Many a cowardly cor and hound. Ilad been transitized on her crumpled horn; Many a teaped and old in pail Had the farmer boys the do ber time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man, Though sometimes tombred to be profane, When many a weary mile he ran To drive her out of his growing grain. Sharp were the pranks she used to play To get her fill and to get away. Sile knew when the Deacon went to town;
She wisely watched him when he won't by;
He never passed her without a frown
And an eril pleam in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a suris way,
And drive along in his "one-hoss shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call, Lilting his bars with crumpled horn; Nimbily scaling his garden wall. Teiping herself to his attaching corn; Eathe his cabbases, one by one. Hurrying home when her work was done.

His human passions were quick to rise, And striding forth with a savage cry. With fury blazing from both his eves, As lightnines flash in a summer as y. Redder and redder his face would grow, And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round, Breaking his pear and apple trees; Tramping his melons into the ground, Overturning his nives of bees; Leaving him angra and badly stang, Wishing the eld cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grow on the gardon wall:
The years went by with their work and play;
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
And the gray-baired farmors passed away,
One by one as the red leaves stal.
Hat the highway now outlived them all.

What My Lover Sald.

From the Boson Pronscript. By the merat chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the wilight gloom,
In the wilight gloom,
In the tail wet crass, with its faint perfume.
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried that he would not let me!
So I stook and blushed uit the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whit-pering said—
How the clover litted its pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh, the clover in bloom! I love it.

In the high wet grass went the path to hids,
And the low wet leaves hing over,
But I could not pass on either side.
For I found myself, when I waitly tried.
In the arms of my steadast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me:
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughts o'erhead.
To listen to all that my fover said.
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!

Oh, the leaves hanging lowly over me!

I am sure that he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all anwilling:
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the might was come with its dews at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he classed me close, when I would have field,
And he made me hear his story.
And he soul came out from his hips and said—
How the stars crept out when the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the moon and stars in glory!

Oh, the moon and stars in glory!

I know that the crass and the leaves will not tell, And I'm sure that the wind, precious rever, will carry his secret so salely and well. That no being shall ever discover.

Of the control of the many that regular feel from the the many that regular feel. And the moon and the stars that looked over Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell. They wore round about us that night in the dell, Is the path through the dew-laden clover; for each of the whispers that made my heart awell as they fell from the lips of my lover.

PROPER WHO DISAPPEAR.

Foul Play Very Enrely the Explanation of n Disnippearance-Thoughtless Husbands. Stray Children, and a Skeptical Police.

"What can you do when you receive tele-grams from out of town asking you to catch fugitives?"
"Nothing whatever, unless it is a criminal matter. In some States a fugitive husband or wife can be arrested, but not in New York State."

At this moment Detective McNamara entered State."
At this moment Detective McNamara entered the room and said:
"I find he has got home all right, Superintendent."
"There," said the Superintendent to the reporter, 'that is a case in point. That man was missing a day or two, and now he turns up. If the police force were to spend its time in looking for missing men it could do nothing else. But If a case looks serious we send out a general alarm and keep a lookout."

SOME FACIS ABOUT VAGRANTS.

The Observations of a Police Sergeant who has Long Dealt with Them.

"That makes the seventeenth this evening."
said the Sergeant at the Thirnoth street police station as a woman applied for a night's lodging.
"Has there been any there are in the number of applications since the 1st of May I" osked the reporter.
"Oh, no. The class who come to the station houses are regulars. When persons get into the habit of sleeping at regulars. When persons get into the habit of sleeping at station houses, it is very selsoon that they return to regular labor of any kind. They get into a vagrant are and they keen to it.

"That woman who just went in had a respectable appearance," said the reporter.

"Yes, alse has been here only a few times, and sie has fold us a pittint tale about being deserted by her huse band. We toolsed after her somewhat—enough to find out that the liquor shop is the real came of her troubles it is very care that really worthy person comes in, and to such a one we give a bed. The regular trains we put together, the women in our room and the men it another.

"Such years ago," the Sergeant went or, "there was a cond cled of excitement about "the homeless poor." Felice and the life a into their heads that the station house a cond cled of excitement about "the homeless poor." Felice and the life a into their heads that the station house rains it, and wanted to see our indicator rooms. The cled that they would be departed, and the vagrants were not a class described of charity, but they indicated a show that they would be departed, and the vagrants were not a class described of charity, but they indicated in the men's room, to be it would not lead the way, but pointed to the door. They left cought heads the way, but pointed to the door. They left cought heads the way, but pointed to the door. They left cought heads by two and the vagrants alterward the afrects were full of trainps making for this station house.

"Now as to their willingness to work," said the Sergeant. In the man am a man and offered to sire work to eleven men at laying atone. Only two were willing to work, in the man and when those way have the low work and when those two head the country.

"So, we are all fail, and can't take any more," said the sergeant they did not want to go into the country." regulars. When persons get into the hatot of sleeping a: station houses, it is very seloon that they return to e

OVER THE BRIDGE TO THE SEA.

The Story of "the Big Four, the Little Ten, and the Three Honest Men.

The members of the Brooklyn Board of

here to him. But you can't believe, aye, you won't believe. Usbeller arises from a corrupt and an unsanctified heart. Should I telt you, Col. Ingersoft, how goed and
compassionate God has been to me, through Christ's
merits—you might how would not believe me but that
with the control of the control of the control of the control
and the control of the control of the control
will continue so. How lengt, this second and at hare
often felt and now feel, while in my sick chember writing to you. When we war strainst tyrants,
and training under foot oppression and extrain, we are
justified and beneal our fellow men. But when we rebel
against god we are seeking and making are our own destruction. Remember, sit, "a man's ruin is in himself,
but his salvation is in Christ." Again you may say, "We
don't see it." You are considered, by your followors and salvation is in Christ." Again you have say and
works of art I can direct your attention to that would
his fellow man, how much more must the use and of
this fellow man, how much more must the me and one
truths of God and concerning God pinzale us men whose
views are but limited. I may be allowed at this time to
talk this way. Should a man resolve to live an housel
and a relicious life and de in peace and there be a happiness hervatter, he will enjoy it, but should he continue to
war against food and this holly word, and by his language
into his pen imake entimines of men, he will lose that happiness hervatter, the will enjoy it, but should he continue to
war against food and this holly word, and by his language
in this pen imake entimines of men, he will lose that happiness hervatter, the will be coat away." but I am
aware

ware

To convince the fool against his will,
He is be of the same opinion still.

There really is a impoiness hereafter. I, in my 74th
year, do firmly before it, but you, Col. Bub Impersol,
must know that the mighty God is contrassionate, and
wiser that all philosophers and Colonias put together.
Buy there is no like truthed. Remainmer, the most worm
for a bord of elephanis. Buy you, "littlificent soul," understand and admit this truth?

Step, poor sinner, step and think, Before you further go, Will you sport upon the brink?

Before you further so.

Wall you sport upon the brink?

Have you. "Intelligent man." none other chemies more deserving of your wash than the who saked your nother in giving you bette-who watched over you in infinitely, and in your youthind daws, who granted you intelligence and make you a man? But the devil sat work, and you are led by him. When you take a befrowed of your life, think, I beseech you, only stop and think of what you are now guilty.

Most infamoth of vices first.

Most infamoth of the above a claimy with a busch of featings what would you think of him? The fast kever first in the last siraw that breaks the came?s back."

"It is the last siraw that breaks the came?s back."

"It is the last siraw that breaks the came?s back."

"Ou "desire not the knowledge of God's word." Should you cantiline. "He will give you over to a reprintate mind." Have, oh live, I beseech you, as you would wish to die. While I sity you, from my limnest soil. I will continue, not to write to you, but to implice of "God in the west in termestiber therey," and to turn all other severs from the error of their ways, through Christ's more than dispose years, suther of proverts, tracts, &c.

Boylestown Men Making Fortunes. From the Dayletture Democrat. We are pleased to learn that William Zenneck, son of our left-hand nearest neighbor, Charles Zenneck, who went West a month ago, has already got a situation on a railroad in tolorade as brakeman. Henry Kethe and High Torbert, who but Doylestown some time ago to seek their fortunes toward the setting sup, have both found employment, the forder as brakeman on a railroad and the latter in a sawmill, near Trentou, Mo. as \$7 a day.

HOW GRANT AND SHERMAN TREATED GEORGE B. TROMAS.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

Perhaps no General of the war stands higher in the estimation and affection of the volunteers and people than the late George H. Thomas. This is particularly the case with the people and soldiers of the great interior. They regard him as a thorough soldier; a rigid disciplinarian, yet who was beloved by his men; a commander who so inspired his men with confidence in their discipline and confidence in him that success was organized and assured; a General who never made a blunder, and who at the outset of his career in the interior gave the Confederacy its Buil Rim in the West, and who ended the war in the West by the best ordered and most successful pitched battle of the war.

This is the popular opinion, and the opinion of the soldiers. But Gen, Grant is also a military idol of soldiers and people, and there is a common belief that Grant was an excellent judge of other Generals. Yet Grant had a contemptuous opinion of the military capacity of Gen. George H. Thomas. He did not think that Thomas ever did anything as a commander, or ever could do anything. And Sherman, the hero of the great march away from the enemy which Thomas defeated, shared Grant's mean opinion of Thomas. Even after Thomas had fought the battle of Nashville, Grant expressed this opinion of his capacity, and he and Sherman had reached North Carolina. After Sherman had reached North Carolina. After Sherman had reached North Carolina and Thomas had beaten the army of Hood, which had selzed all of Sherman's communications and forced him to the alternative of either failing back to Chattanooga or Nashville, or of going off, Gen. Grant, from City Foint, March 16, 1865, wrots Gen. Sherman with regard to their preceding and future operations. This letter is printed in Sherman's Memoirs, volume 2, pages 311, 312, 313. In this he expresses much discust with the inefficiency of Gen. Thomas, and apprehension that because of this the rebei forces in the West might fail on Sherman with regard to Gen. Thomas, and apprehension that because of this her rebei

Old Tom Worthington in the Battle of Shiloh.

Prim the Conclusati Gausta.

A staff officer of Gen. Shorman's Third Brigade, McDowell's, at Shiloh, writes as follows, under date of May 4 inst. of the days immediately preceding the battle: "I often saw Shorman at our headquarters and heard much of his conversation during the days immediately preceding the battle. He constantly scoffed at the idea that the rebels would attack us then." Old Tom Worthington of the Fortreixth Ohio. Butter Heels, as the soldiers nicknamed him. continuuity dinned it within the ears of Sherman that the enemy would attack us. He used to ride out far to the front himself, observe what he saw gather all the information he could from the country scole, and always come back with the strong conviction that an attack was mediated, so reporting daily to Sherman, who always got anner, repelling him with such language of the saw of the country for ourself! Worthington insisted that he should fortify, which Sherman ridiculed. Then Worthington as Got way. Tom: don't make a fool of yourself! Worthington insisted that he should fortify in front of his own regiment. This was refused insolently and ecofficially. Eriday afternoon, April 4, a scouling garty of ours run against a strong force of the enemy, with a battery of artillery, and a Mayor of ours was captured. Our headquarters cavele, so hat he could force the force. Saturday, the Sh. as late as forced the enemy in considerable force. Saturday, the Sh. as late as forced the enemy in considerable force. Saturday, the Sh. as late as forced the enemy in considerable force. Saturday, the Sh. as late as forced the search with a strong force of the enemy in considerable force. Saturday, the Sh. as late as forced the strong containing a strong force of the enemy in considerable force. Saturday the Sh. as late as forced the strong containing a strong force of the construction of the enemy in considerable force. Saturday the Sh. as late as forced the strong containing the strong containing the strong conta

graced.

Thave no doubt that Eherman regards the protongation of Worthington's life as a mysterious dispensation of Providence, for he has been a perpetual thorn in Sherman's side.

KENTUCKY TROTTING HORSES.

The Enermous Increase in their Number and Value.

Figure 200 March 1995 And 1995

with truck and fair grounds attached.

Col. R. S. Strader of the Lexington Fair Grounds was formerly a large breeder, but of late he has turned his attention chiefly to the handling of stock. Col. Strader has brought out Purity (2:30), Crittenden (with a 3-year-old record of 2:30). He Memento filly, trotted a mile in 2:30's when only 2 years old, and Alcantara, with a 4-year-old record of 9:23, made last fail. He is a big dealer in property.

From Lexington of Ashland, a farmer two miles from Lexington of the stock of the farmer of Philip as on of George Wilkes and the sire of Philip as on the activation of George Wilkes and the sire of Philip as on the activation of George Wilkes and the sire of Philip as on the sire of the state of

A Long-Lived Family.

From the Ventura Segnal. From the Feature Signal.

Niobolas Singley, who was born in Pennsylvania 104 years ago, is now a resident of circ town, it the will his daughter, Mrs M. E. Short. Both bits of the anniation of the coortion of the state being 112 when he died as the contractive that the father being 112 when he died as Mr. Singley can be seen on our streets above as well preserved, but hard of beauty and the signal is a great reader. He has not used inquor since he was 30 years of age.

An Accomplished Bride.

Frace the Toronto Globs. HAZLETON—MALONE—On April 27, at the Roman Catholic church, Nizzera Falls, by the Rev. Father Albert, Nr. theorge lizzleton of Guelph to Miss Alicia E. Malone of Stamford, who was educated at the Loretto Convent, Nizzara Falls, and received the gold media of the convent for general proficiency, and Lord Dufferin's medial for domestic sconemy.

BUNIING THE SEA OTIER. Skine Worth Five Deliars a Square Feet-

From the Porest and Stresse.

SITEMA, April 1.—The sikin of the otter is worth more than that of any other animal, excepting the royal ermine. It brings in Alaska from \$50 to \$150. Unlike all other skins of this country, it needs title assistance from the fur dresser's artis: the black hairs are not dyed, and the white ones not sewed in, therein differing the white has no more beauty than that of a call. They are very wary animals, and are worthy of being considered game, for none but the most expert hunters are successful in their pursuit. Unlike the fur seal, millions of which return annually in great herds to the Pryboloff Islands, where they are driven and singulatered by clubbing, the otters go singly or in onlirs, and their rance is a large one. I believe they are found they have been plentiful from our westernmost possession, the island of Atten, along through the Aleutian group through the Guil of Alaska, and the Indians of Vancouver's Island kill them on the western coast while in spring making their way north.

Men of all nations join in their pursuit, and even undergo the hardships incident to marriage with native women for their sake.

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The other was the south point of Alaska Peninsuit, and employed themselves in otter any special permission to such whites as wore married to native women and intended to warlows nationalities had settled upon the island of Ounga (near the south point of Alaska Peninsuit, and employed themselves in otter sand women, which may be proved to the such a prod

The Amusements of Durango,

The Amusements of Durango.

From the Chicago Wass.

Durango, Col., April 25.—For a frontier town even, things have been unusually lively for the last few days. Shooting affrays, et course, are common enough, but I witnessed a speciacle which may be classed as a novelty even on the border; nothing less than a battle on a small scale with repeating rifles about thirty men on a small scale with repeating rifles, about thirty men on each side. The origin of the trouble was the presence in Durango of three or four men who had been mility of shooting some cow boys. By were pursued here, but the shooting some cown by the state of the shooting some cown by the state of the shooting some conditions and who presented a warrant, to the Sheriff refused to do without a requisition from the Governor of New Mexico. The men were camped about twom unlies from town, and announced their intention of taking the men they wanted themselves, and about moon today they were seen on the heights which command the town. Here they were at once attacked by about twenty of the roughs of the town, who opened fire, which was at once returned by the narry on the heights, and a lively fusilisate kept up for half an hour in sight of the whole population of the place, who crowded every point of vantage whence the engagement might be safely witnessed. The affair resulted in the wounding of two of the spectators, and quite a number of houses in town were struck by buildes. Softing it known of the losses of the cow boys, only that some of their increas were shot. They had rather the adventigation in the structure in general seem to care itself as retreat. The citizens in general seem to care itself as a retreat. The citizens in general seem to care itself about the dispute, only describe her provides and fight till they meet the late of the Kilkenny cais.

Yesterday morning residents of Pearl and Cumberland streets were much excited by the news that a wild animal had seized a child in that neighborhood, and, despite the infant's loud cries, was making off with it. Men, women, and children ran in the direction the beast was said to have taken, while mothers, frishtened half to death, sought for their young brood, and hurriedly collected them under their wings. The excitement was increased when one man and he had seen nothing see fearful since he was in the East Indies, and a Beugal tiger rushed into the village and bore off one of the natives. Some distance down Cumberland sires the crowd hurried, and finally reached the object of their search. The sight that met their eyes cased them to hasten back as fast as they came. An inoffensive, quiet dog was trotting along in the most peaceable manner bearing in his mouth a child's doll.

SPORTING NOTES. The Buffalo trotter Governor Tilden is said to be a second Moose.

Mand S. has a little brother. He appeared at Woodburn, May 5. Outsiders are becoming insiders very early in the pring races. The Cornell erew and L. E. Myers will depart for England May 21. James P. Halpin died in Portland a few days ago from over-exertion in foot races.

over-exertion in foot races.

Frank Watworth is accounted the best marksman in
the Brooklyn Archery Club.

The New York Polo Club will practise in Prospect Park
beters proceeding to Newport.

The weteran inoseman, Col. McDaniel, is beginning to
renew his old luck at the Southwest. wah stron is stastlying down again, and will accept young Frey's challenge for pool championship. Jacob Schaefer and Randolph Heiser are giving billiard antonions in the West with indifferent success. Young Frank Erb has come to the front again by making the best score at the Topeka tournament. John Renforth, a young brother of the late James Ren-forth, won the recent handleap race on the Tyne.

Mr. Torrance, well known here as a sentleman rider, won two races at the La Marche steeplechases in France last week. Tips for the Southwestern races come very wide of the mark, and there is much suppressed emotion in conse-quence thereof. quence thereof.

Sir Thomas Eider, the great Australian breeder of racehorses, has sent two fillies to England to take their
chances on the turf.

George and Leslie Siesson satied for England yesterday
in the City of Eichmond. The billiardists go solely for
health and pleasure. English turf authorities agree that the start in the City and Suburban was very much one sided, and that Fuz-hall made a grand race.

The man who wins in O'Leary's walking match this week in Chicago may be sent to England to try for Vaughn's champion belt Vaughn's chaingion belt.
Under the new management, Fleetwood Park is to the
Gentlemen's Briving Association what Jerome Park is to
the American Jockey Club.
Trout flating opened in Vermont on the lat. In some
places even now the flattermen standing to their knees in
slosly snow white threwing the fly. places even more the flahermen stand, up to their knees in singly show while threwing the fly.

When Robert I. Amon, the lockey, fell in a late race, a reseal nitured a diamond plu from his scart. Fred archer quickly recovered the plu for list owner.

The new South Side Genitiments Driving Chin, as Baldwin's L. I., has thirty-three members. Trots will be arranged for every sharingly afternoon this season.

The Dweer brothers have opened a promising company by winning the Rine Ribbon Stakes at Lexington with flaheder Hindoon Will doubters repeat at Locaryilla.

Mr. J. J. Miller of Melbonnue is hore nurchasing free-class trothers for Australia. The Dwee, Field and Juras says that Mr. Miller makes a book of \$500,000 s year on races.

The trotter first was vicinis and bally when young, Kind treatment has curred him. He has rewarded his owner, who risked less than \$7 in buying him, by making a record of 2 2 3 4. He was feeled in 1870.

The \$50,000 pures for stations and \$5,000 pures for

The \$10.000 purse for stallions and \$1,000 purse for two-uniers will make a memorable truthing day for Ruchester on July 4. The stallion race, with Santa Claus in it, will command national interest. Mr. Burnham, the sporting cheese factor, was ruled off the Nashvills course for hasty language to the Provident because his lockey had been fined. A letter of apology from Mr. Burnham secured his reinstatement.

from Mr. Burnham secured his reinstatement.

The veteran turfman, Frice McGrath, who was reported by eigranh adding lest winter, half the pleneitre of seeing his dyear-old racer Silgo win the Phoenix Hotel stakes at Lexington-a race which it was approved Lend Oresuld not low.

An elevated railroad man threatened to throw Downey Harris, the sparcer, down shairs the other night for ischain to buy another tickel after his had lest one. Downey said that heiers the fellow could rake his thands he was looking for a piece of his mose.

William Gale, the English Ledestrian, who is credited, among other leads of great andurance, with having walked 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consective, profile of the minutes each. has frince 2 cet York in a bod time for the encouragement of such performances.

The light cleaning fully long 11as arraws to the rent

The light cheatant filly Lucy May arrang to the treat with case when she castured the ashland that May miles, at Lexington We-freedly. See so, 10; fill an puol of \$321. She with Bucken, that Security Research Lucy is not favority for the Kentucky Oak as Louryis.